Any person who takes the paper reg plarly from the post-office, whether direc to his name or whether he is a subscriber of not, is responsible for the pay. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers from the post-office, or re moving and leaving them usefuled for, is grima facie evidence of INTENTIONAL PRAUP

THE FAMILY TREASURE ROOM. I lift the latch with reverence and slowly pass within; E part the curtains noiselessly, to let the light The sunshine streams across the floor, where

There are gems of priceless treasure before Time-worn pictures, dear reminders, that tender scenes recall: There are souvenirs of loved ones, whose stay on earth was brief. There are gitts of love and offerings bespeaking joy and grief.

and bridal scenes. Of goings out and comings in, and much that intervenes-Of touching griefs and tender, of circum-Of joys and hopes all radiant, of swelling hearts and glad.

There are locks of hair well silvered, from a mother's sainted brow, There are tokens of a father's love, made very precious nowices of childhood? Yes, a little flaxen tress Which the King of Terrors left untouched when he took our baby Bess.

There are emblems of a husband's love-of a *devoted wife.

That stood the test of troublous times throughout a lengthened life: Paternal pride, maternal joys, a sister's love A brother's faithfulness revealed 'mid trying scenes of youth.

bulls, and nameless little tonis To belp in mustering lessons not to be learned While those to whom they once belonged are scattered far and wide.

drawers, holes and nooks. There are shelves piled high with well-worn, drimpidated books. There is don't verse and doggered, and full-paged child shiere, There are school books thumbed and tat-

tered, and bearing many a trace
Of genius and of mischief, caricatures of There is Hobbie's name in this one, and Mary's name in that.

There are messages and marks to tell what Cupid then was at.

Self upon his own gallantry, suggested that though "Pinney never spoke to wimmin folks, he always took off his hat when they traded with him, and bowed 'em out cheek against theirs. Their response to form and face:

they are growing old.
Old? Yes so old, and yet so fresh upon the graven walls That stand around the avenues of memory's blessed halls.

without tongue or speech. How very dear to me are these-how treasured all and each. I look at this and then at that, I turn a tat- stopping at the well to let the bucket down day with the, to her, strange mystery of

Among the toys I linger, the toys of those of carried into the store. The path thus made not so, and he signified assent. My step falls light as passing on 'mid buried hopes and fears.

My step falls light as passing on 'mid buried smooth by his always slippered feet. The ing. They were as gentle with the silent I turn to go with beating heart, eyes dimmed by failing tears.

I close the curtain noiselessly, to shut the narrow path. He had trod that path, like There were globes and cubes made of wood, sunlight out,
I lift the latch with reverence, and slowly pass without. With memories sweet and tender of all of those with whom I walked as in a dream, anew, In The Family Treasure Room -Clark W. Bryan, in Good Housekeeping.

PINNEY'S SECRET.

How He Sheltered the Child of His Lost Love.

There was some mystery, or something wrong at Pinney's. That was the reason cobwebbed and grimy by the years' neg-why the "neighbors' folks" on the porch of lect, and a log was always burning in the Barker's store stood motionless, furtively great fireplace in heat of summer or dead gossipped, and many were the things that gazing at Pinney's place beyond, as though it was a camera and they were being glistening barricade of hoes and rakes and of unpleasant suggestion was stopped one "taken" just as they were. Old Major Hawkes had been so shocked by the sus- a battered row of shelves were calicoes and fore him, and with one stout blow he felled picion, that he still held extended high his ginghams, and tough cowhide boots, arthur man and stopped it. And then there rayed like chess men in disorder, stood came gentler conversation and the neighbors. arm, which he had meant to bring down with a denunciation of Henry Clay, charthe other, in labyrinthian confusion in a acterized by the vigorous emphasis of Con-necticut Democracy. But just at that mo-and thread, scissors and pencils, and in necticut Democracy. But just at that moment the Major's reflections were checked. There was something wrong at Pinney's. So the Major sat in the big arm chair in anatomy of confections. Behind this the shady corner of the porch-a spot where he established himself and watched and napped when the days were fine—his billowy eyes, rolling over billowy cheeks that curved into a billowy chin and neck, fixed in a melancholy stare upon Pinney's home vonder. Judson Guernsey-known only as Jud

Gauzy-had at the moment been reading to his manner too. His feet were always the neighbors' folks from the weekly city paper some dreadful warlike threatenings from Mexico, but he now stood transfixed. his finger on the line, and actually upon the word "bloodshed," which he had just read as Teachum came up and said that there was something wrong at Pinney's. There was Jabez Peckham, who had been at the instant testing the strength of a hoe handle. He still stood leaning upon it, but with his eyes turned toward Pinney's place, or rolling them timidly from one to another of the group. Even the surveyor's men across the highway on the old canal towpath halted in their work, forgot that they were there to prepare to bring New Haven | habit of life was less a cause of astonishand Northampton within three hours' travelinstead of three days, and stood in suspense by their theodolites and checkered poles watching Pinney's house.

For Teachum had just come with strained eyes and bated breath, and announced that there was something wrong at Pinney's. They did not need to ask him why he said so. Of course something was wrong. The little red story-and a half house was as avocations and gathered on Barker's porch, tightly closed as a tomb, and the sun was while on the tow path there stood groups three hours high. True, the faded green of women, crooning among themselves and shutters, upon which the rain had tracked serpentine trails, and which were bronzed | house. The awful mystery of silence and closed for twenty years, but there was one gloomiest fancies, until somehow it passed shutter in the window of the rear room that was always thrown open precisely at sunrise. That was tight this morning, said that his head rested upon the threshold Then, too, the corrugated and mossy wellsweep hung with its bucket high in upon, the famished senses of the throng air, as it had not done before for twenty took up the hallucination of one, until they years one single minute after sunrise; for all believed they saw a dark stain slowly then it was Pinney's habit to come forth creeping from underneath the door, out from his house and lower the bucket into the well for the day. But, beyond all.

of them, but none dared speak it. Instead, each, after the silence was broken, ventured some suggestion as far away as possible from the dreadful suspicion that burdened all. Major Hawkes, whose theory of them, but none dared speak it. Instead, dened all. Major Hawkes, whose theory of existence was that all Whigs ought to be suppressed by law, and that no man who

nat'ral is what's best. Now Pinney, just as like as not, let the big clock run down. I suppose he's got the big clock yet. It used to be there. When the clock is run used to be there.

and the Major rolled his billowy eyes about as though beseeching some one to offer a better. Then Jud Guernsey hinted that Pinney might be a little under the tracking stick was relaxed. The crowd that Pinney might be a little under the tracking stick was relaxed. The crowd truther hab er ha fer peck o' jedgment truther hab er h weather. But to this Teachum replied:
"You've teased him enough to make a saint swear, Jud Gauzy. Why it was only last week Fourth of July night that you bed in the further corner of the room. The last week Fourth of July night that you bed in the further corner of the room. The

tish about bothering him first and last," replied Guernsey, with a "you-too" apoloPinney's illness. "Pinney's one of Phar-ach's lean kind sure enough, but he is a they saw, though she was strangely clad, prudent man in his victuals, and couldn't be sick—that is, of his own accord." The vague hint of these words, "of his imself to make.

It was fully an hour before any one sugrested that it would be well to make a and then passed her hands so lightly over closer inspection than was possible from the porch of Barker's store. Then it was hinted that Teachum, by virtue of once having been a constable, and Guernsey, by reason of now being a tithing man, should go and examine the path that led from the side door of Pinney's house to the padlocked while in this hall of memory I walk as in a door of the store, that tracks might be discovered, if any there were. These two thereupon crossed the turn-pike, scaled the stone wall, and went first to the store. The padlock creaked in the door as they tried it, but was firm, and the sbutters were tight. Then they carefully inspected the little narrow path, watched closely by the crowd on Barker's porch. Barker himself, standing on his door-sill under a wreath of palm-leaf hats that festooned There are records of sad burials, of births the doorway, announced that they had discovered nothing and would discover nothing unless they went inside. Nobody ever walked that path but Pin

ney," he said. "Do you suppose that anybody-well, if there's tracks, they're in the The two men certainly found nothing.

for they were seen to be standing in front of Pinney's door, looking with inquiry at it as though it had a voice and would

"Nothing there," said Teachum as he came up the porch steps.
"Not a sound," said Guernsey.

Nobody wanted to say it. Nobody wanted to hear it said; yet every one be-lieved that Pinney was dead. This sus-picion gave tone to their utterances. They There are kites and tops, and skates and discussed Pinney's virtues, and curiously of pity or contempt to come, yet now there | and touched him. Some fighting earthly battles, some gone out upon life's tide.

was confession that the man had good traits. Jabez Peckham found the throng traits. Jabez Peckham found the throng chum. Do you hear me. Pinney?" nodding assent when he said that though There are cupboards full of relies, packed Pinney was a "monstrous solitary man, he had always lived upright." To Teachum's sive instincts more potent than any speech, suggestion that though "Pinney had not They raised him and put him on the bed, paged childish lore,
There is history and mystery in numbers by more pew reat than any one at the Corners, and selve, but smitten with the and generally sent a barrel of pork to the palsy. When they came back they found for twenty years, 'yet he was a good her hand over their faces. Then she lifted Dimicrat and histed a flag when Polk beat the hand of each, and touched his eyes

Clay." Jud Guernsey, who prided him- with it, and perceived that he gently closed the door like a young bean;" while Barker, these demonstrations of gratitude were as But now I find on all of these there's dust and gathering mold.

For days and years have passed away, and to hear that anything had happened to look of ineffable gratitude shone from his Pinney, though we've been in the same eyes. trade here for twenty years." So they spoke well of him whose mys-

only exercise men ever saw him busy him-self about was with the bucket at the well, them by the touch, and being grateful, or if there was snow he cleared it from the | went on in what seemed her daily way a sentry beat at sunrise, at high noon, at sunset, and when the distant church bell rang nine o'clock at night; back and forth, back and forth, eight times a day. He was a time-piece for the neighbors, just as the times when a strange inquiring look came noon train in the railway that ran along upon her face, as though she was striving the tow-path came to be afterward. But to get at the mystery of it, and it happened he never was behind time. In the dim recollection of older men there appeared the ney's eyes and sit silent thus for many picture of a stalwart, handsome-eyed young fellow, who was as genial as he was proud and gentle. Then came the self-imposed light. No one had seen him in any place under the open sky for twenty years ex-cepting in that path; no one in all these years had met him elsewhere than in his store. There he had good custom. His weight was honest and his prices just. The saw on hers persuaded the men that these store was a sooty place, with great rafters | two were in converse with each other. of winter. There was a musty flavor of whale oil, salt fish, and crackers, and a how long she had been there. The tongue shovels was erected near the fireplace. On upon one end of the long counter, while at | bors vied with one another in kindness. greasy boxes ancient sugar bull's-eyes. from which the sweetness seemed have oozed away and left only the ribbed counter by a pair of pendant scales stood Pinney. His thin hair hung as nature had seemed as though his clothes were surmounted by a tippet all about the neck of thin gray hair. His eyes were gentle, and clad in slippers, his coat had been burnished

by the years so that it shone as polished wood, and the palm leaf hat had been dyed to a bronze-like color by the hickory smoke of years. His method of trade was simple. When one asked the price of any article Pinney would produce a placard on it. No one ever dickered with him. His communication was simply "Yea, yea," or "Nay, nay." No one had beard him speak "Nay, nay." No one had heard him speak another word for twenty years. Yet they knew he was well informed. No man at the Corners received a larger mail. Thus been able to make her dark and soundless been able to make her dark and soundless. ment than the fact that he took two newspapers, one Whig, one Democratic. It was this more than his silence that induced the belief that Pinney was "a leetle queer in his head."

When noon had come and gone, and there was still the mystery of silence at Pinney's, it became unbearably porteneasting shy, uneasy glances at the silent at the hinges with rust, had been as tightly of absence permitted the liveliest and and he set Teachum in charge of the store. from lip to lip that Pinney lay upon the just inside, and with this fancy to seize upon, the famished senses of the throng upon the sill and stone steps below.

When night had come Teachum and Jud Pinney's brown and gambrel-roofed store across the lot, and opposite the canal, was shut as though it was the Lord's day.

Guernsey were deputed by a justice to go and fathom the mystery. With a stout stick grasped with a firm grip Teachum stick grasped with a firm grip Teachum The same thought was in the mind of all started, and with him Jud, with an ancient gest that possibly Pinney's clock had run down and that he had slept over.

slept enough ought to die, ventured to sugthing moving about inside, but with a soft, stealthy motion, as they thought, like the rustling of leaves on a still summer's night. down and that he had slept over.

"If it wasn't for wimmin' folks and clocks most on us would sleep over now and then."
It comes paying to man folks and what's they tried the latch and found it yielded. It opened flush upon Pinney's living room. how I'se got too much jedgment ter down, and there ain't no wimmin' to bother, enough Teachum and Jud went on, and ter-mor' dat I'd better drap dat gun an' s man of his years might forget to wake up."

Nobody paid any heed to this suggestion.

enough feachum and sud went on, and brave enough, for now they were face to face with danger and stood upon the threshold of the inner room; but they ter stay but my jedgment den hopped passed not over the threshold. The up-lifted pistol fell, with a slow listless motion by Guernsey's side and the stort grip on drapped it. Lemme tell yer, boss, I'd brought the cannon right under his window and touched her off. What hain't you done to sicken him. Jud!"

We will the rest of us haven't been skit.

with hair most luxuriant and wonderful, falling far down upon the curious garnfent that she wore; and as she bent over Pinown accord." echoed what was in the minds of all of them, and was the nearest to voicing that suspicion that any dared permit this, she, with a touch inexpressibly tender and soft, gathered her tresses from off his face and tossed them back over her neck,

his cheeks and forehead that it seemed as if the touch must have been as gentle as an infant's breath. Then with exquisite deli-cacy she touched his eyelids, and, perceiving that they fell and opened again, she seemed to look down into his face with something of hope and tenderness, yet agony expressed in mute appeal upon her lips. Then she placed her arms under his shoulders and with desperate energy tried to lift him to the bed. That effort being unavailing, with mute irresoluteness she stood, bewildered. Then she held her face close down beside his cheek, as though to feel his breath upon it.

The people saw her profile only. It was the face of a child, though the figure of a woman. Its exquisite childlike beauty impressed them hardly less than her silent, mpulsive, and strange manifestations. Then there was commotion in the rear Some one had stepped heavily. Instantly the girl put her hands upon the floor; then, rising, turned toward the door, and with arms outstretched and her eyes staring, her lips apart, she slowly approached the door. Then her hand touched Teachum, though she seemed not to see him, for her eyes were set, and he saw there answer their unspoken questions. But the bouse was sphynx-like, and Teachum and she made no answer; but with a touch Guernsey returned to Barker's, not even almost of magic passed her hands over his dent and with his unswerving adhedaring to rap on Pinney's door. No one had rapped there for twenty years, and habit asserts itself even in critical emer-know him too by her touch. Then she authority of the Democracy that it stood irresolute for a moment, and then with as plaintive a look of entreaty as ever came to human face, and speaking with the language of emotion that is silent, she turned back to Pinney and put her hands

upon his face. Teachum turned to Guernsey to speak, but was checked by Jud, who pointed to the face of Pinney. Then they perceived that, enough, through all these years Pinney's with most agonizing imploring glance, he name and his presence had caused the smile | was looking at them. They went to him

"He's alive, and has had a shock, Tea-The silent man closed his eyelids and opened them. Human nature has responbeen to meeting for twenty years, he paid and then sent the people away, saying that donation," the Major added another to the the strange girl touching Pinney's face effect that though Pinney had not voted with impulsive joy; and then she passed

"Blind, isn't she?" asked Jud; and Pinney closed his eyelids to signify assent.
"Deaf and dumb, too, I think?" asked terious absence had alarmed them, and I walk alone, yet not alone, ah, no, the very red house and the little brown store.

A generation of years have passed since They cast quick glances around, and

A generation of years have passed since Humphrey Pinney began his career of sirrich, so rare,

Fach treasure has its roles, and tells, yet They cast quick glances around, and years precisely at sunrise he opened the side door of his little house and threw back the the illness and fallen, and that the girl, faded green shutter that sheltered the rear | coming down from the room above, had window. Then he went down the path, thus discovered him, and had labored all

> ney's eyes and sit silent thus for many minutes, until at length the men became convinced that by some occult psychologic operation she had trained herself to read his mind, for little by little she be came able to care for him, and even to prepare and administer his food. And she would sit sometimes by the hour, her fingers To be sure it was not of Pinney's illness. but of the strange creature that people were surmised of how she came there, and day by Jud Guernsey. It had wagged became gentler conversation and the neigh-At length they left her with him much of the time, for they saw that she had quickly adapted herself to his needs. Two or three times a day one or the other called for such assistance as was requisite. They saw him looking yearningly one day at a Bible. They asked him if they should read. He signified assent, and when they opened it a paper fell out. His eyes rested on that and they perceived he desired that read. This was written upon it:

I have brought the child of my lost love here. In her is centered the love I bore her mother, who married a vile scoundrel. Let his name be forgotten. In her dying moments the mother sent for me and com the child, helpless through disease, to me. Her name is Mary. Her father sought far and near for her, and my only safety in keep-ing her was to keep her in seclusion. What narm? Day and night were the same to her. She neither heard nor spoke. But she learned to know me and I her, and she has her mother's face, and in her has been cenwhich the figures had been drawn and show tered the love I bore her mother. It was it. No one ever dickered with him. His necessary for safety that I adopt precautions. Therefore I have never been out of sight of the place where the child was.

I pray that she may be well cared for, and for that I have made provision. And then followed a brief will, and the mention of a sum of money that had been saved that was large even for those days. When they had finished reading they asked him if he desired it to be known, and be signified assent; and when the people knew it they were touched by the unselfish romance of it and promised that whatever happened him Mary should be gently cared

But nothing happened for many years He recovered his speech, but not his limbs, while she, she for whom he had sacrified his best years, became his gentlest nurse and greatest comfort.—N. Y. Sun.

NOT A ROOSTER.

Colored Individual Who Had More Faith in Judgment Than in Bravery. An old negro who had succeeded in securing an appointment as deputy sheriff and who was placed on guard

near a machine shop to guard the property, called on the sheriff. "Why, Anderson, I thought you were on duty.

"I wnz." "What made you come away?" "Wall, I'cluded dat I didn't need dat two dollars an' er ha'f er day. Mighty good money an' all dat but I must git erlaung widout it."

"You are not afraid, are you?" "O, nor, sah, ain't erfeerd, but some-Jabez Peckham denied the possibility of Teachum and Guernsey. It was a woman's, Traveler.

BIRDS OF ILL OMEN.

New York Journals Who Are Saddest Over the Condition of the Democracy-Their Souls Uselessly Harrowed.

One or two of our contemporaries They have taken to unburdening their with it as the strong man of mythprophetic souls. They see somewhere ology had with the hydra. It starts above their political horizon a cloud no up in a threatening shape at each new bigger than a man's hand, and there- appointment. Somebody conceives upon they proceed to utter melancholy himself slighted and wronged when a vaticinations of a direful flood. The Government office is filled by a differ-New York Tribune is especially solicit- ent person than the one he recomous about the welfare of the Demo- mended. There are idle threats and cratic party. It fears that it may lose childish denunciations because the its vantage ground and its prestige of victory. It becomes comically lugubrious over the lack of union in the Democratic ranks and makes a pretense of being quite low-spirited over Democratic prospects. Alas! poor Tribune! the circumstance as a notable instance

The New York Sun, which is ordinarily equal to any occasion, now and then gets discouraged. Things are not arranged in the way it would like to have them. It opposed the election of the Presidential candidate of the Demdisparaging the Administration both in its policy and personnel. Indeed, the Sun is so little satisfied with the Presiauthority of the Democracy that it sometimes looks back with regretful longing to the time when that astute and versatile statesman, Hon. Benj. F. Butler, was its ideal Democratic leader.

But the fact that these two sympathetic and disinterested journals look blue when contemplating the present state of the Democratic party is really no reason for despair in regard to its future. We notice that they anxiously magnified the importance of some Democratic reverses in one or two Western cities-reverses perfectly explicable on other than political grounds -but that they were suspiciously silent about the decisive successes of the party in the recent elections of New York and New Jersey. We fear our esteemed contemporaries sometimes utter thoughts that answer to the parentage of their wishes, that they observe through an obscuring medium the events and conditions from which they forecast the future, and that the dark prophecies in which they indulge are due mostly to the proverbial blindness of those who won't see.

It is very certain that there is a considerable lack of fairness and candor in dealing with facts in this connection. The New York Commercial Advertiser, for instance, quoted at great length from an interview with an Indiana Representative, which was originally published in the Post. That Congressman gave a gloomy picture of the discontent | steadfast servant .- Albany Argus. of the disappointed office-seekers with whom he had come in contact. But bers of the Democratic party entirely satisfied with the course of the Administration, our contemporary did not equal earnestness.

or disappointed office-seekers. It is made up, instead, of the great body of the people who desire an economical, capable and honest Government. And when these see the credit of the country maintained at its highest point, the policy, and the public service being steadily improved, they are apt to conclude that the intrusting of power to the Democratic party has not been in

Our contemporaries may continue to represent all the phases of disappointment, and to make mountains out of mole-hills; but they will find it difficult to persuade the people that what has thus far worked so well is not in itself good. There is a lack of concerted action among Democrats in Congress which we sincerely deplore; but it is greatly exaggerated by sensational or hostile writers. At any rate it is not of a character to weaken the faith of the people in Democratic principles or lead them to withdraw their confidence from the trusted leaders of the Demoeratic party. - Washington Post.

Open the Door.

patches furnishes the key apparently to the Republican opposition in the Senate to open sessions. As the rule now stands they can have all the advantages of the open and the secret the way. If she passes from one room session combined. If there is any to another with a company of her thing in executive session which they friends they all stand back and make are really ashamed of, or which for any way for her to pass first, a custom other reason they wish to keep secret they can do so. If they want any thing court, by which she, with her demomade public they can so make it by violating their oaths and "leaking." This is not a very high-minded view of the matter, but it is logical and

Paradoxical as it may seem the present method of conducting the ex- ship over his public policy and one ecutive session furnishes the strongest thing and another. It may be accept argument for continuing it and at the ed as approximately true that Miss same time for abolishing it. Under it | Cleveland does not attempt to interthe public gets sooner or later, and for fere or recommend or request any inthe most part with admirable promptitude, every thing of interest that transpires behind the closed doors. In point | aim is to do her duty, simply, modestof fact the things which Senators most | ly and unpretentiously, which explains desire to keep secret and which it is her success .- Chicago Mail. really best should be kept secret, if any thing is so kept, are the first to be divulged. They are of course the very things in which a curious public is most deeply interested; and the demand to be infermed of them creates the supply. Why, then, it may very plausibly

be argued, is there any need of change? But, on the other hand, if the secret session is a delusion and a humbug why should it be kept up? Why should the solemn Senatorial body keep up the ridiculous pretense of a secret session when they have not the wisdom or the dignity or prudence to keep their secrets? It is not becoming in the highest legislative body in the land, if not in the world, to keep up such an absurd farce. While, then, there may be no need of abolishing the secret session for the enlightenment of the publie and its protection from "star chamber" tyranny, there is abundant need for abolishing it in the fact that it is an

ignoble farce. - Detroit Free Press. -We understand that Judge E. Grant's Cabinet. - Boston Heraid.

A HARD DEATH,

The Spoils System Being Strangled by an Honest Leader of the True Democracy -Impotent Republican Clamor.

The spoils system dies hard. Presiseem to have found their vocation. dent Cleveland has as much trouble President's choice, made after due deliberation and impartial investigation, happens not to agree with the preference of some local leader. The Republican organs eagerly seize upon of Democratic disaffection, forgetting that the great Democratic party is heart and soul with the President in his honest efforts to make appointments conducive to the best interests of the public service. The Democratic ocratic party, and ever since it has done party is essentially the party of the its utmost to justify its prevision by people, and the people recognize the soundness of the policy which aims only at a better administration of the offices of the Government. President Cleveland looks to capa-

bility rather than personal preference as a qualification for office and, confident in the integrity of his motives and his desire to fill the offices with the best material he can find, he can afford to disregard the petty complaints of interested politicians. He has been subjected to a pressure such as no President has heretofore encountered to depart from the wise, cautious course of making appointments in accordance with the dictates of his better judgment and not of those who sought to control him. The professional office-seekers form but an infinitessimal part of the community, although they make such a great noise and their influence on the people is very small indeed. There has been a tion towards the President, kept up by the Republican press, aided by a few newspapers which wear the mask of Democracy to conceal their real designs. Yet the popularity of Mr. Cleveland not only remains unshaken, but is constantly gaining ground. The Democratic party recognize in him a strong, fearless, prudent leader, who puts into practice the true principles of Democracy, and presents to the Nation the unaccustomed example of a Chief Magistate's adherence to anteelection promises, reform and honesty. There will be always clamor in interested quarters against such a course, but it will be drowned in the mighty voice of the American people proclaiming their indorsement of such a faithful,

HER PRESIDENT TOO.

when Representative Townshend, of The Harmony and Affection Existing Be-White House guest during the latter part of the winter is my authority for seize upon the facts in the case with a pleasing insight into the ways and incidents of its life. Like all bachelors, The fact is, the Democratic party is the President is a little indifferent to not an organization of either expectant family intercourse and amenities as a change and rest from his work. About all he sees of the ladies of the White House is at his meals. Then he appears the jovial, jesting man of the world, always ready to make each passing moment the pleasantest. Miss Administration pursuing an honorable Cleveland addresses him almost without exception as "Mr. President." When her friend said: "Why do

you always call him Mr. President?" she replied: "He is my President as well as every body else's Rarely does she call him Grover.

The brother and sister evidently have a deep affection for each other, although little is manifest on the surface. He looks after her wants as faithfully as it is possible to imagine, and many apparently volunteer services from the attendants of the Executive Mansion are suggested by the President. His use of the White House stables is always modified by his regard for Miss Cleveland's wishes. If by any chance he learns that she desires to take a ride, he first learns which carriage and what horses she wants before making his own selection.

Miss Cleveland attends to the duties of her mistressship in the most The suggestion in our recent dis- methodical way, and has lost much, it is said, of her old-time blithesome manner and freedom. One of the curiosities of her situation, which amused her a good deal, is that whenever she goes about the house she is expected to lead probably as ancient as the English cratic notions, was at first a good deal shocked. Evidently all that she does in her position is prompted by a most dutiful desire to be to her brother all that a sister could be. A greal deal of nonsense is printed about her monitorformation of her brother on any particular question of the day. Her first

DEMOCRATIC ITEMS.

-Of the total number who successfully passed the Civil-Service examination during the year eighty-six per cent. were educated in the common chools, while the other fourteen per cent. had either received a partial or a complete college training. This speaks volumes in favor of the public schools of the land .- Philadelphia Call.

-Land Commissioner Sparks, by last accounts, is doing well. His famous order arresting land entries and the granting of patents in an ex-tensive region of the West has been revoked, it is true, but patents to land speculators are not issued any faster on that account. The triumph of the was more apparent than real. - Philadelphia Record. - Either "intimate" friends of Mr.

Blaine are trying a deep game or they are being played upon by the wily politician. One of the number asserts R. Hoar, who stands at the head, or that "Mr. Blaine's friends are still loth near the head, as a lawyer in Massa- to believe his political career is comchusetts, believes that President Cleve- pleted," and another friend is equally land is right in the contest forced upon certain he does not desire renominahim by the Republican majority of the tion. This confusion of opinion must Senate. Judge Hoar had a similar eventually lead to trouble. If Blaine contention with the Senate when he really wishes the Presidency, but fails was Attorney-General in President to receive notice by the convention, he will present one of the saddest spectacles in the gloomy pageantry of the the walls. There by the bedside was the half-prostrate form of Pinney, his head shabout bothering him first and last," resting against the bed-post, while bending over him was a person whose presence had stic tone.

The walls. There by the bedside was the half-prostrate form of Pinney, his head resting against the bed-post, while bending over him was a person whose presence had caused this strange mesmeric impotence of the caused the caused this strange mesmeric impotence of the caused this strange mesmeric impotence of the caused the

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